



The Elf



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Chapter 1 by Lucy Kech

One day a little girl by the name of Dimitra was lost in the woods looking for her parents and her sister Tauriel. On that day a wizard had seen Dimitra crying on the mossy ground. The wizard by the name of Gandalf picked up Dimitra while she was sleeping and put her on the front doorstep of a Hobbit. A Hobbit is a man that have an optimist side they are always cheerful and they have no shoes because of the size of their feet but they were perfectly happy. The Hobbit's name was Bilbo Baggins, he lived in a hole in a hill, he had curly brown hair and a sense of humor sometimes. When Bilbo was about to take his evening walk he saw Dimitra in a bundle of blankets he picked her up and put her in a room and decided to call her Lucy.

14 Years Later

"Lucy breakfast is ready!" said Bilbo Baggins. Lucy came running she was dressed in a green dress and brown boots. She was very excited for today was her birthday and she was going to turn seventeen years old. Her black hair reaching below her shoulders was flowing right behind her. Lucy was now 16 years old and she was far taller than Bilbo. Lucy ran out the door to meet her friends in Middle-Earth. Instead of her friends she saw dwarves and a wizard. "Miss Lucy Baggins?" asked the wizard. "Yes," replied Lucy. "Will you please sign this paper for an adventure?" asked the wizard. "Of course," replied Lucy. "Give me your name?" Lucy replied. "Gandalf is my name!" "No, not the name who made those excellent fireworks on Midsummer's eve?" Lucy replied. "My name is Lucy Baggins." "Very well, sign your name on the paper." Lucy signed Lucy Baggins. All the dwarves introduced themselves, Lucy's three favorites was Fili, Kili, and Bili. They all walked to Lucy's house and they entered. "Lucy who

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are these people?!" "Don't worry father, they are dwarves, and I suppose you remember Gandalf." Bilbo had a surprised face. They all sat down at the dinner table and discussed their plan. "So, where are we off to?" Lucy asked. "We need to make it to The Lonely Mountain, but we need to make sure that we won't go near the Elves" Thorin set the plan and pointed at the mountain. Lucy walked to her room to pack her clothes, which were all dresses that she had made with the help of her father. She grabbed her horse WinterLeaf and started riding towards the group. Thorin tossed her a silver bow with green leaf markings on it, a quiver which supplied infinite arrows, and an elvish sword. On the first stop they searched a cave just in case there was no orcs or trolls near by. Hold on time out. Hey its me Dimitra, just to let you know where we are, we are right near Mirkwood, where the Woodland Elves live, okay? In the cave they found gold and more elvish blades. Lucy saw a bow that looked like hers, except skinnier and much more heavier. She also picked up two elvish blades, for safe keeping, no not really for safe keeping more like to give it back to the elves just in case if they saw them. They kept on walking forward, SNAP!, Lucy heard a twig break in half, she looked around and saw just trees, with webs on it. BOOM! A giant black spider jumped down from the trees. "Everyone get together!" Lucy yelled. All the dwarves and Lucy got together and pulled out their swords. Suddenly out of nowhere a woodland elf came down from spider silk string. Lucy readied her bow with an arrow. The elf also readied his bow and pointed his arrow at Lucy. "Don't think I won't kill you —" "What?" "What are you exactly?" The elf asked Lucy. Lucy looked down at her dress and put the arrow back in her quiver. He lowered his bow, and took the bow and two swords from Lucy. "These are elvish swords from my kin, where did you get these?" he said as he pointed one of them at Lucy. "I found them in a troll cave,." The elf gave the swords and bow to one of his fellow mates. He brung his hand toward Lucy's hair and pushed the blonde silk hair behind her elvish ear. "Ah, you are a woodland elf, you're one of us," "I never knew," "Well, now you know, what is your name?" "Lucy," "Hold on one second Lucy,.". He brought forward another elf with long reddish brown hair. "Lucy, this is Tauriel,," Lucy waved slightly. "Tauriel had lost her sister when she was younger," "Oui, her name was Dimitra she looked somewhat like you, and she was better at fighting me when we played games," "There's only one way to find out if you are her sister, you fight,.". Lucy was surprised, she obviously knew that she was going to lose once she

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necklace. "This is Thranduil's family crest," "I've had it ever since I was a baby," "Welcome home Dimitra,". Legolas escorted the dwarves and Dimitra after searching through them for any weapons, they made it to the castle where Thranduil lived but all the dwarves were sent to the dungeons, except for Thorin and Dimitra. They both were to see Thranduil Elven King. Once they came into the room, well it wasn't really a room it was more like a wooden circle and he was sitting on a throne made of wood, they found Thranduil. The Elven King came down from his spot and grinned, "Thorin Oakenshield what brings you here?" Legolas was standing right next to Dimitra with his arm around her waist. "Don't waste your time Thranduil, you already know what we are after!" "Thranduil, we have found her,"

"Who did you find?"

"We found Dimitra,"

Dimitra wanted to run but her head told her not to, so she stayed in place. Thranduil came toward her, bent low so his eyes could meet hers. Dimitra's heart was beating fast, she needed to get out of his sight now, but Legolas held her firmly. Thranduil reached out his hand and put it against her cheek. Thranduil's eyes where the color of blue ice, there was sparkles in his eyes, then he smiled. Dimitra closed her eyes. The hand was warm like he put it near the fire in a fireplace or over a volcano that was about to erupt.

"Don't touch her!" yelled Thorin

Dimitra wasn't scared anymore, she knew she could trust him. Thranduil broke the eye contact with Dimitra and looked at Thorin. His hand slowly retreated from her face. She put her head on Legolas's chest, opened her eyes and smiled.

"And what will you do to stop me Thorin?"

"I will kill you!"

"I will let you kill me if you get me what I want, there are gems I too desire in that mountain, white gems, if you get them for me I will let you do anything you want to do to me. Fair enough?" Thorin turned around and spoke. "I would not trust Thranduil Elven King, I have seen how you treat your friends when they come for food and shelter, you just turn your back on them and leave them to die! Like what you did to my people!" When he finished Dimitra felt pain in her heart, "Ringün deránda àzrul Thranduil!" Thorin yelled. Thranduil came fast to him and said, "Do

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wrong thing to do. "Ok, I will let you go and the others to get the white gems, but I am allowing Legolas to come with you to keep you safe. You leave at dawn," Dimitra nodded slightly. "Oh and Father?," "Yes?" "It's good to be back," Dimitra smiled and was escorted to her room. Her room was silver and it had a wardrobe filled with outfits that she could wear, tiaras that sparkled like diamonds, shoes that sparkle in sunlight, and new bows and quivers along with swords of silver. She was exhausted, so she took off her boots and jumped on the bed. The bed was comfy and light. She slept soundly that night until someone shook her out of bed. It was Legolas. "Dawn already?" "No you might want to pack for your trip today." "Oh okay I will be right out," Dimitra wore a silver dress, and she wore a red cape, and she took, ocean blue, forest green, gold, and purple dresses, wore silver boots, and placed a silver tiara on her head. She came out of her room with her pack on her shoulder filled with folded dresses. "Ready to go?" "I'm always ready when you're ready, but first let me show you something," Legolas said. He started running and jumped down the edge. "Jump, i'll catch you!" Dimitra sighed in relief. She jumped off the edge and about five seconds later she ended up in Legolas's arms. "Thank you," "You took the risk," "What did you want to show me?," Legolas lead her to a room with many sheets of paper. "Look at this," Legolas said bringing her forward. "This is your story, it was made the day you got lost," Dimitra looked at the paper. "I don't understand, this is like a page from a journal, it does say the date when I got lost and it says 'Today Dimitra got lost'" "Okay call it whatever you want to either a journal or a story, but lets get out of here, we are not supposed to come here!" "Then why did you bring me here!?". He ignored that question, they both ran out and jumped down to the entrance where the dwarves were already there. "Okay lets continue the journey to the Lonely Mountain," Dimitra announced. They all went out the giant double doors and down the path. After a week or two they all met up with Gandalf. "Where in the elvish name were you Gandalf?" Dimitra almost yelled at him. "I was looking ahead seeing if there was any danger," "Well that explains it," She murmured. "Lets keep on moving," Thorin said. "Lets just hope we don't run into to the high elves," He continued. A couple months later they reached the prairie. "Shh!" Dimitra ordered. She listened carefully. Her eyes widened. "Orc's" She whispered. "Dimitra this is all your fault!" "What?! How is this my fault!?" "They smell the blood of a woodland elf!" "But I am not bleeding!" Thorin took a knife and cut her hand. "Why did you do

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was wearing a long red robe with a silver and long cape. "What is wrong, daughter of Thranduil?" Dimitra bowed. "Lord Elrond, there is a group of thirteen dwarves and a wizard near Rivendell. But they are being followed by orcs," "We will help them at once! Imladris round up the archers," He ordered.

After a couple of minutes they came back with the dwarves and Gandalf. Dimitra was standing with her arms crossed. But Elrond did something unexpected he put them all in the dungeon.

"This is the end for us," Thorin sighed. "Maybe if you haven't argued with Dimitra we wouldn't be here right now," Balin, one of the dwarves, said. "Just to let you know, it's not the end of the world," Dimitra said holding up the keys. She unlocked all the prison bars and set them free.

"This is the second time I got you out of trouble, and still I would come at the last minute to save your damn lives," Dimitra led them to a room filled with barrels.

"Get in the barrels now!" They all got into the barrels. Dimitra pulled the lever and sent the barrels in the river. But something was wrong, there was no barrel for her. She jumped on the end and prayed that she would live.

Good thing for she did survive the crash into the river. Once she caught up to the dwarves she hung on to one of their barrels. "Do you need a barrel, princess Dimitra?" she shook her head or a signal for the word NO. She had the feeling that she was white water rafting (even though she has no idea what that is).

She looked at the shore. She saw gazing back at her an Orc riding a white wolf as if he was the leader. "KILL THE SHE-ELF!" he yelled while pointing at Dimitra. "It's Bolg our worst enemy!" cried Balin. "I thought he was dead!" Thorin said sharply.

All the elves that lived in Rivendell came down to fight. Dimitra pushed herself up on the rim of the barrel and stood on the almost thin barrel rim. When she was balanced she then took out her elvish knives, one in each hand. "Hey Bolg!" Dimitra yelled. Bolg the orc stared at Dimitra and snarled. "Which she-elf? We all look the same!" She yelled. Then she leaped into the crowd of Elves and Orcs and started fighting for the dwarves lives and hers. "This is the third time I am saving your lives!" She yelled to the dwarves that were in barrels.

Once she stopped fighting she jumped into a free barrel. No dwarf inside.

Chapter 2 by Elenaid Edwards



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wimpier as she made contact with the concrete. "I missed you dearly, you know. I was scared for you." She said the amount of cigarettes she had smoke previously becoming evident. I opened my mouth only able to let out a small croak. I tried as hard as I could to reply but my voice seemed impaired. I slowly fell back into a deep sleep, snoring softly.

BY MAXIPAD

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